

READINGS BOOKLET

CANADIANA

FEB 20 1990



GRADE 12 DIPLOMA EXAMINATION

English 33

Part B: Reading (Multiple Choice)

January 1990

Alberta
EDUCATION

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**GRADE 12 DIPLOMA EXAMINATION
ENGLISH 33**

Part B: Reading (Multiple Choice)

READINGS BOOKLET

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS


Part B of the English 33 Diploma Examination has 70 questions in the Questions Booklet and eight reading selections in the Readings Booklet.

BE SURE THAT YOU HAVE AN ENGLISH 33 QUESTIONS BOOKLET AND AN ENGLISH 33 READINGS BOOKLET.

YOU HAVE 2 HOURS TO COMPLETE THIS EXAMINATION.

You may **NOT** use a dictionary, thesaurus, or other reference materials.

JANUARY 1990



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- I. Questions 1 to 13 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from the story "Falling in Love."

from FALLING IN LOVE

Because of the sudden departure of her boyfriend, Larry, the narrator decides to go home to her family. She finds herself facing a dilemma when she fails to heed a warning about road construction.

I get off the bus and I stand beside the highway at Jordon Siding, wondering what to do now. I've come to a dead end. Stopped by the reality of a churned-up landscape.

- 5 "I'm sorry you didn't know — ah," the bus driver searches for the correct word. Am I Miss or Ma'am? as he pushes his cap back on his chunky sandy head.

- 10 "Didn't they tell you when you bought the ticket that the road was under construction?" the bus driver asks. His eyes take in the shoebox I carry beneath my arm, tied closed with butcher string, air holes punched in it so Satan can breathe. A going-away present from Larry, a black rabbit. He has taken off, Larry has, has flown the coop and left me with the rabbit and one measly shirt to remind me of him.

- 15 Before me, where I should be making my connection with another Grey Goose bus that will carry me thirty miles east across farming country to Agassiz¹ and back into the bosom of my family, the road is a muddy upheaval of rocks, slippery clay and topsoil. Under destruction. The whole world is under destruction. Larry used the word 'dead-end.' And so he has turned the other way, headed down the highway to Montreal to work in his brother-in-law's car rental business.

- 20 "If you love someone, let him go," Larry's mother said. "And if he comes back, he's yours. Whatever you do, don't take this thing personal, okay? Larry's like that. Every spring, he takes off. Spring fever, it's in his blood," she said.

- 25 "You'd better get back on the bus and make your connection in Winnipeg," the driver says and it's clear from his tone that he's decided I'm a Miss which gives him certain authority. I'm aware of faces in the windows looking out at me, slight bemusement with my predicament. I see in the window my greasy black hair tied up into a pony tail, Larry's shirt, my jeans held at the waist with safety pins because I have lost ten pounds. My luggage is an Eaton's shopping bag.

- "Forget it," I say to the bus driver. "I'm not going all the way to Winnipeg. Just forget it."

- 30 He laughs. "I don't see what choice you have." He puts his sunglasses back on and I can see myself in them. And it seems to me that he, along with everyone else, conspires against me. That I have never had a choice. "You looked at my ticket when I got on. Why didn't you say something?"

- "I thought you knew."

- 35 I pick up the shopping bag and begin to walk away. "Well, I didn't. And I'm not spending three hours on the bus. So, I guess I'll walk."

He blocks my way. "Whoa. Agassiz is thirty miles away. And it's going to

Continued

¹Agassiz — situated near Agassiz Lake in Manitoba

be one hot day.” He scans the cloudless sky.

“What’s it to you whether I walk or ride?”

40 The driver’s thick neck flares red. He steps aside. “Right. It’s no skin off my nose. If you want to walk thirty miles in the blazing sun, go ahead. It’s a free country.”

The bus roars down the highway, leaving me in a billow of hot sharp-smelling smoke. The sound of the engine grows fainter and then I’m alone, facing that
45 churned-up muddy road where no vehicle could ever pass. Thirty miles! I hear a meadowlark trilling and then a squealing rhythmic sound of metal on metal. It comes from a BA gas sign swinging back and forth above two rusting gas bowlers that stand in front of a dilapidated wood-frame building. Jordon Siding garage and store. Eureka. A telephone. I will call home and say, guess what? No, I’ll say,
50 it’s your prodigal daughter, to get them thinking along charitable lines. I have seen the light. Plants fill the dusty store window and off to one side, in a tiny yard, freshly laundered clothes flutter from a clothesline.

“Hello, anyone here?” I call in the direction of the backrooms behind the varnished counter where I imagine potatoes boil in a pot, a child sleeps on a
55 blanket on the floor while its mother ignores my voice, sits in an over-stuffed chair, reading a magazine. What is she reading, I wonder? I look about me. No telephone in sight.

Outside once again, I face that bleak turned-up landscape and begin walking in the direction of Agassiz. I face the sun and walk off to the side of the road,
60 following the deep imprint left behind by one of the monstrous yellow machines that sits idle in the field beyond. Why aren’t there any men on the machines? Why aren’t they working today? I begin to feel uneasy. The sounds of the countryside rise up and Satan thumps violently against his box in answer. Around me stretch broad fields dotted with clumps of trees. In the distance a neat row of
65 trees, planted as a windbreak, shades a small farmhouse and outbuildings. Overhead, the flat cloudless sky, no perspective, I cannot gauge distance. It’s as though this is a calendar picture of a landscape and I have somehow entered into it. Except for yellow grasshoppers sprinting up before my feet and the tireless hovering of flies above the ditches, there is no movement anywhere. I turn around. The garage
70 is still the same distance. I can turn back and wait for a car and hitch a ride to Winnipeg. I could go back to Manitou. But it seems to me that I have been set in this direction, that it’s inevitable. I walk for an hour. Satan continues to struggle. I stop to rest, lift the lid off the box a crack and push wilted lettuce through to him. I sit down, take Larry’s note from my shirt pocket and unfold it on my
75 knee.

Dear Lureen,

I’m sorry if you got your hopes up. Like the song goes, you always hurt the one you love, the one you shouldn’t hurt at all. That’s life. But this town is a dead-end. You know what I mean. I think I’ll take my sister up on her offer.

80 *You are okay. Don’t think I’m leaving because of you. I know you will get over me. Anyway, if it works out, I’ll send you some money. I might send you enough to come to Montreal. I’ll see. It just depends.*

You can have Satan. I don’t trust my mother to look after him anyway. Once she forgot to feed my goldfish and they all turned belly-up. Notice, I am leaving

Continued

85 you my denim shirt because you liked it so much.
Tell the old lady not to get in a sweat.

Luv U,
Larry.

90 “Whatever you do,” Larry’s mother said when he introduced us, “don’t get married.” A cigarette dangled from one corner of her mouth and she squinted hard at me through the blue smoke. She was blonde, like Larry, and I thought that at one time she must have been beautiful, you could see flashes of it sometimes when she wasn’t being sarcastic. “I’m only telling you for your own good,” she said later when Larry was out of the room. “He’s like his father. Lazier than a pet coon.”

95 Larry was not lazy. He could pull the head off a motor, ream out the cylinders, do a ring and valve job in two days flat. I’d tell him I wanted to go to the dance at Rock Lake and he’d rebuild the transmission that afternoon so we could go. He opened the housing, called me down the stairs to come and see the
100 giant cogs, how the gears were supposed to mesh. And I couldn’t help but think the combustion engine is a joke, or at least a hoax perpetrated on man to keep him busy tinkering so he can’t think about what’s really happening. Wheels moving wheels, moving pulleys, moving more metal and so much motion for so little effect, arms, lifters, valves, wheezing breathers, springs, filters, cylinders, shoes,
105 things pressing against other things, grinding, particles of chewed-up metal sifting into other important parts. It was over-whelming. Faulty timing, a coughing engine, a rotten swaying front end, screeching wheelbearings, all these problems Larry and I faced and overcame in six months.

110 “Okay Larry,” I said, wanting to say, this is silly. “There has got to be a much simpler way than the eternal combustion engine.”

“Internal, internal combustion engine,” he said, “and anyway, you are paid not to think, but to do.” So, okay, I played the game. I soaked bolts and other metal shapes in my dishpan, brushed them down with Varsol, removed grease with a paring knife, had them looking like new. I learned how to install brushes in a
115 generator. I took it apart in my lap. I thought the copper wires were beautiful. And then, that what I was doing was important. That maybe I’d like to have a part in the running of the internal combustion machine.

Larry flicked the end of my nose with a greasy finger and said no way would he put in four years getting his papers just to satisfy someone who had never
120 taken apart anything more complicated than a Zippo lighter.

And always, we made it to the dance on time. That night, we’d be cruising down the highway, eating up the miles to Rock Lake, radio turned up full volume, Larry driving with two fingers and reaching with his other hand for me. And the gears would be meshing and the motor singing, the timing tuned just right and
125 the radio playing all our favourite hits. And Larry would squeeze my hand and say, hey, honey bunch. Remind me to slow down long before we get to the corner, okay? I got no brakes.

Ancient history. I rest my head against my knees and I don’t want to cry, Larry’s not worth it, but I do. And then I take the lid off the shoebox and I pet
130 Satan for a few moments and then I carry him to the side of the road and drop him into the tall grass. He scurries away without a backward glance.

Sandra Birdsell,
Contemporary Canadian writer

II. Questions 14 to 20 in your Questions Booklet are based on this poem.

THE JELLY BEAN MAN

“He carries jelly beans,” a neighbour told us
when we first came here. “You’re lucky you don’t
have any small children.”

He’s the Jelly Bean Man

- 5 and the first words he ever said to me
were, “Kiss it and make it well,”
he having observed my wife
bump her forehead against the door
of our car while getting into it
10 with her arms full of groceries.
“It’s nothing to grin about,” he said.

- So I kissed her above
and between the eyes, and he said,
“Love her; she is the daughter of
15 Cronos¹ and Rhea,² the sister and wife
of Zeus.³ Here I have a gift for her.
She will share it with you.”

- And he insisted that she take
two cinnamon rolls
20 which she and I later ate
at home, very slowly,
with dairy butter
— each bite was like hearing
a little ripple of simple music.
- 25 Later we learned it was true
he carried jelly beans and distributed them,
but only as an uncle might or a grandfather
— and, oh, it’s so easy to teach
your small daughters and sons
30 to accept nothing
from strangers, to keep well back always,
to stay out of arm’s reach,
to be prepared to run,

Continued

¹Cronos — one of 12 gods in Greek mythology who ruled the universe, father of Zeus

²Rhea — the wife of Cronos and mother of Zeus

³Zeus — the presiding god in Greek mythology, ruler of the heavens and father of other gods and mortal heroes

35 so easy to tell them
about evil,
so hard to tell them
about innocence,

so impossible to say:
be good to the Jelly Bean Man
40 who gives candy to children
from no other motive than love.

Alden Nowlan,
Canadian writer (1933-1983)

III. Questions 21 to 30 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from the play *Candida*.

from *CANDIDA*

CHARACTERS:

Eugene Marchbanks — a shy youth of eighteen, who believes himself to be in love with Candida, wife of Reverend Mr. Morell
Proserpine Garnett — Morell's secretary, a brisk thirty-year-old woman, pert and quick of speech
Reverend Mr. Morell — the husband Eugene sees as his rival
Candida Morell — Reverend Mr. Morell's wife

London, England; 1894

This morning EUGENE, a guest in the Morells' home, has announced that he is in love with CANDIDA MORELL and now is determined to prove that he is a more suitable man for her than her husband is. This announcement has caused great confusion. EUGENE has retreated to the REVEREND MORELL'S comfortably furnished office, still preoccupied with his own frustrated love for CANDIDA.

EUGENE sits alone, trying to get the typewriter to work. Hearing someone at the door, he steals guiltily away to the window. PROSERPINE enters the room and sits down at the typewriter.

PROSERPINE: Bother! You've been meddling with my typewriter, Mr. Marchbanks; and there's not the least use in your trying to look as if you hadn't.

EUGENE (*Timidly*): I'm very sorry, Miss Garnett. I only tried to make it write. (*Plaintively*) But it wouldn't.

5 **PROSERPINE:** Well, you've altered the spacing.

EUGENE (*Earnestly*): I assure you I didn't. I didn't indeed. I only turned a little wheel. It gave a sort of click.

PROSERPINE: Oh, now I understand. (*She restores the spacing, talking all the time.*) I suppose you thought it was a sort of barrel-organ. Nothing to do but
10 turn the handle, and it would write a beautiful love letter for you straight off, eh?

EUGENE (*Seriously*): I suppose a machine could be made to write love letters. They're all the same, aren't they?

15 **PROSERPINE** (*Somewhat indignantly: any such discussion, except by way of pleasantry, being outside her code of manners*): How do I know? Why do you ask me?

EUGENE: I beg your pardon. I thought clever people — people who can do business and write letters and that sort of thing — always had to have love affairs to keep them from going mad.

20 **PROSERPINE** (*Rising, outraged*): Mr. Marchbanks! (*She looks severely at him and marches majestically to the bookcase.*)

EUGENE (*Approaching her humbly*): I hope I haven't offended you. Perhaps I

Continued

shouldn't have alluded to your love affairs.

25 **PROSERPINE** (*Plucking a blue book from the shelf and turning sharply on him*): I haven't any love affairs. How dare you say such a thing? The idea! (*She tucks the book under her arm and is flouncing back to her machine when he addresses her with awakened interest and sympathy.*)

EUGENE: Really! Oh, then you are shy, like me.

PROSERPINE: Certainly I am not shy. What do you mean?

30 **EUGENE** (*Secretly*): You must be: that is the reason there are so few love affairs in the world. We all go about longing for love: it is the first need of our natures, the first prayer of our hearts; but we dare not utter our longing: we are too shy. (*Very earnestly*) Oh, Miss Garnett, what would you not give to be without fear, without shame —

35 **PROSERPINE** (*Scandalized*): Well, upon my word!

EUGENE (*With petulant¹ impatience*): Ah, don't say those stupid things to me: they don't deceive me: what use are they? Why are you afraid to be your real self with me? I am just like you.

40 **PROSERPINE**: Like me! Pray are you flattering me or flattering yourself? I don't feel quite sure which. (*She again rises to get back to her work.*)

EUGENE (*Stopping her mysteriously*): Hush! I go about in search of love; and I find it in unmeasured stores in the bosoms of others. But when I try to ask for it, this horrible shyness strangles me; and I stand dumb, or worse than dumb, saying meaningless things: foolish lies. And I see the affection I am
45 longing for given to dogs and cats and pet birds, because they come and ask for it. (*Almost whispering*) It must be asked for: it is like a ghost: it cannot speak unless it is first spoken to. (*At his usual pitch, but with deep sadness*) All the love in the world is longing to speak; only it dare not, because it is shy! shy! shy! That is the world's tragedy. (*With a deep sigh he sits in the
50 visitor's chair and buries his face in his hands.*)

PROSERPINE (*Amazed, but keeping her wits about her: her point of honor in encounters with strange young men*): Wicked people get over that shyness occasionally, don't they?

EUGENE (*Scrambling up almost fiercely*): Wicked people means people who have
55 no love: therefore they have no shame. They have the power to ask for love because they don't need it: they have the power to offer it because they have none to give. (*He collapses into his seat, and adds, mournfully*) But we, who have love, and long to mingle it with the love of others: we cannot utter a word. (*Timidly*) You find that, don't you?

60 **PROSERPINE**: Look here: if you don't stop talking like this, I'll leave the room, Mr. Marchbanks: I really will. It's not proper.
(*She resumes her seat at the typewriter, opening the blue book and preparing to copy a passage from it.*)

EUGENE (*Hopelessly*): Nothing that's worth saying is proper. (*He rises and wanders about the room in his lost way.*) I can't understand you, Miss Garnett.
65 What am I to talk about?

PROSERPINE (*Snubbing him*): Talk about indifferent things. Talk about the weather.

EUGENE: Would you talk about indifferent things if a child were by, crying

Continued

¹*petulant* — irritable

70 bitterly with hunger?
PROSERPINE: I suppose not.
EUGENE: Well: *I* can't talk about indifferent things with my heart crying out
bitterly in its hunger.
PROSERPINE: Then hold your tongue.
75 **EUGENE:** Yes: that is what it always comes to. We hold our tongues. Does that
stop the cry of your heart? for it does cry: doesn't it? It must, if you have
a heart.
PROSERPINE (*Suddenly rising with her hand pressed on her heart*): Oh, it's no
use trying to work while you talk like that. (*She leaves her little table and*
80 *sits on the sofa. Her feelings are keenly stirred.*) It's no business of yours
whether my heart cries or not; but I have a mind to tell you, for all that.
EUGENE: You needn't. I know already that it must.
PROSERPINE: But mind! if you ever say I said so, I'll deny it.
EUGENE (*Compassionately*): Yes, I know. And so you haven't the courage to
85 tell him?
PROSERPINE (*Bouncing up*): Him! Who?
EUGENE: Whoever he is. The man you love. It might be anybody. The curate,
Mr. Mill, perhaps.
PROSERPINE (*With disdain*²): Mr. Mill!!! A fine man to break my heart about,
90 indeed! I'd rather have you than Mr. Mill.
EUGENE (*Recoiling*): No, really: I'm very sorry; but you mustn't think of that.
I —
PROSERPINE (*Testily, going to the fire-place and standing at it with her back*
to him): Oh, don't be frightened: it's not you. It's not any one particular
95 person.
EUGENE: I know. You feel that you could love anybody that offered —
PROSERPINE (*Turning, exasperated*): Anybody that offered! No, I do not. What
do you take me for?
EUGENE (*Discouraged*): No use. You won't make me real answers: only those
100 things that everybody says. (*He strays to the sofa and sits down disconsolately.*³)
PROSERPINE (*Nettled at what she takes to be a disparagement*⁴ *of her manners*
by an aristocrat): Oh well, if you want original conversation, you'd better
go and talk to yourself.
EUGENE: That is what all poets do: they talk to themselves out loud; and the
105 world overhears them. But it's horribly lonely not to hear someone else talk
sometimes.
PROSERPINE: Wait until Mr. Morell comes. He'll talk to you. (*EUGENE*
shudders.) Oh, you needn't make wry faces over him: he can talk better than
you. (*With temper*) He'd talk your little head off. (*She is going back angrily*
110 *to her place, when he, suddenly enlightened, springs up and stops her.*)
EUGENE: Ah! I understand now.
PROSERPINE (*Reddening*): What do you understand?
EUGENE: Your secret. Tell me: is it really and truly possible for a woman to

Continued

²*disdain* — contempt

³*disconsolately* — unhappily

⁴*disparagement* — snobbish criticism

love him?

115 **PROSERPINE** (*As if this were beyond all bounds*): Well!!

EUGENE (*Passionately*): No: answer me. I want to know: I must know. *I* can't understand it. I can see nothing in him but words, pious resolutions, what people call goodness. You can't love that.

120 **PROSERPINE** (*Attempting to snub him by an air of cool propriety⁵*): I simply don't know what you're talking about. I don't understand you.

EUGENE (*Vehemently⁶*): You do. You lie.

PROSERPINE: Oh!

EUGENE: You do understand; and you know. (*Determined to have an answer*) Is it possible for a woman to love him?

125 **PROSERPINE** (*Looking him straight in the face*): Yes. (*He covers his face with his hands.*) Whatever is the matter with you! (*He takes down his hands. Frightened at the tragic mask presented to her, she hurries past him at the utmost possible distance, keeping her eyes on his face while he turns from her and goes to the child's chair beside the hearth, where he sits in the*
130 *deepest dejection.*)

George Bernard Shaw,
British dramatist and critic (1856-1950)

⁵*propriety* — the quality of being proper


⁶*Vehemently* — passionately

IV. Questions 31 to 38 in your Questions Booklet are based on the following information that Robin has gathered regarding her decision to participate in a volunteer program.

Robin's recent experience with Nalwen families who lost their homes in an apartment fire has made her aware of the importance of volunteers. She has collected the following materials to assist her in considering a volunteer program:

- H. A postcard from Robin's cousin Kelly
- I. Robin's letter of inquiry to Kelly
- J. Kelly's reply to Robin's questions
- K. An appeal published in the *Nalwen News*
- L. An informational pamphlet about the Community Support Program
- M. A brochure about the Nalwen Food Bank
- N. Notes Robin made during her telephone inquiries about volunteer programs
- O. Bulletin board advertisements seeking volunteers

H. A postcard from Robin's cousin Kelly

<p>December 4, 1989</p> <p>Hi Robin!</p> <p>I just have to tell you about the great weekend I'm having in Banff with "my kids" from the Children With Special Needs Program I told you about. It's super to see them skiing and skating in their winter sports programs. You'd just love being with us — hint! But seriously, please consider my suggestion about volunteer work — it's hard but satisfying work and a plus on your resume. But must fly — "my kids" need my talents in a snowman contest. See you!</p> <p>Kelly</p>	 <p><u>Robin Brown</u> <u>294 Nalwen Drive</u> <u>Nalwen, Alberta</u> <u>T6R 1P5</u></p>
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Continued

I. Robin's letter of inquiry to Kelly

December 10, 1989

Dear Kelly,

Well, the day of decision has come—I'm going to be a volunteer. How can I help it when first we had a speaker in our Career and Life Management class talking about the importance of volunteers. Then we had a real crisis that needed volunteers when local families lost their homes in an apartment fire. Then your postcard arrived! You really sounded enthusiastic and that just made up my mind. But I have two questions: What should I volunteer for and how much time will I have to put in each week? Please answer soon.

Robin

J. Kelly's reply to Robin's questions

December 19, 1989

Dear Robin,

Good for you! I'm sure you won't be sorry about your decision — just think, you'll be starting the new year in a great way. So to answer your questions —

First, go to your volunteer centre and get copies of all the pamphlets and brochures. Keep your special interests in mind. As to time, I've found that most schedules are pretty flexible, so you're not tied to the times set out in the pamphlets. Someone at your centre will answer any questions you have.

Take it from someone who knows — you've made a great decision. You'll meet some super people, and you'll get to know yourself, too.

Your (knowing) cousin,
Kelly

Continued

TO ALL POTENTIAL VOLUNTEERS:

Your Community Support Program is sponsoring
two informational evenings:

Thursday, January 18 , 7:30 p.m. to 9:00 p.m.

or

Tuesday, January 23, 7:30 p.m. to 9:00 p.m.
in the Community Support Program's boardroom,
#12, 10525 Nalwen Avenue

The informational session will give you a better idea of what is involved in becoming a volunteer. Community Support Program staff members will respond to individual concerns and explain how to become a volunteer. Prospective volunteers will be given suggestions for the short composition that is required before the screening process. Application forms and informational pamphlets will be available.

**Nalwen needs the Community Support Program.
The Community Support Program needs you.**

Plan to enrol in our next training program that begins in February.

Continued

L. An informational pamphlet about the Community Support Program



TELEPHONE SERVICE VOLUNTEER PROGRAMS

You may be just the kind of person we need and we can provide you with the volunteer experience you want.

WHY VOLUNTEERS?

Volunteers are the backbone of all the telephone programs at the Community Support Program. They are the best people for the job because they **WANT** to work the phone lines, not because they have to. They are not paid to listen — they do it because they care.

THE ROLE OF THE VOLUNTEER

The volunteer is the first and often the only contact a caller has when seeking information, help, understanding, and a sympathetic listener; therefore, volunteers are key people.

QUALITIES OF THE VOLUNTEER

The qualities that make a good telephone listener are maturity, warmth, stability, objectivity, and caring. Volunteers must be able to empathize with people in distress, not judge them.

TRAINING THE VOLUNTEER

All prospective volunteers must take instruction in listening and communicating. This basic training course requires 50 hours to complete. (See below for specific training requirements.)

SHIFT SCHEDULES AND TIME COMMITMENT

The Community Support Program has the following expectations: a commitment of at least one year, one four-hour shift per week, and one midnight shift per month. Health Line Only volunteers are not expected to work midnight shifts.

PROGRAMS

The Community Support Program operates four distinct telephone services:

1. Information and Referral Line → offers a link between Community and Social Services and people who may need those services. Volunteers use the Directory of Community and Social Services to help link people and resources. Training required: on-the-job training every six weeks.
2. Distress Line → operates 24 hours seven days a week. This is the busiest and most demanding phone line, and it requires the majority of our volunteer hours. Volunteers offer callers nonjudgmental supportive listening. Training required: on-the-job training every six weeks.
3. Health Line → offers informational tapes on social, emotional, and physical health concerns. Volunteers simply respond to requests for these informational tapes. The Health Line provides an educational service. Training required: basic training course only.
4. Suicide Prevention Program → offers follow-up support for individuals in suicidal crisis, support for individuals experiencing a loss of a relative or a friend through suicide, and a public educational program. Training required: three months on the Distress Line.

Continued

M. A brochure about the Nalwen Food Bank

NALWEN FOOD BANK — OUR INTEREST IS PEOPLE

WHAT IS THE NALWEN FOOD BANK?

The Food Bank is a service that collects and distributes food to responsible organizations, which in turn provide assistance to those in need.

FROM WHOM DOES THE FOOD BANK GET FOOD?

From all who have concern and compassion for neighbors in need:

- Farmers
- Food Processors
- Retailers
- Food Brokers
- General Public
- Wholesalers

HOW IS THE FOOD DISTRIBUTED?

Bulk Food is distributed to agencies that have ongoing programs for the needy.

Food Hampers are supplied to responsible organizations that serve emergency needs in their area.

HOW CAN YOU HELP?

The Food Bank needs volunteers to

- collect and distribute food
- sort and shelf stocks of food
- answer phone inquiries and record phone-in donations of money and food
- handle publicity and set up Food Bank donation drives

CRISIS NEEDS

The Food Bank assists and supplements the food programs of agencies and private groups caring for the needy. It is not a substitute for welfare or other subsidized help available to those in need.

**HELP US
TO HELP OTHERS**

N. Notes Robin made during her telephone inquiries about volunteer programs

VOLUNTEER PROGRAMS

1. Meals on wheels (249-0202) Contact: Grace Sedwick
 - drivers and servers required to provide hot meals for shut-ins or those unable to prepare meals
 - Monday to Friday (11:00 a.m.-1:00p.m.)
 - drivers use own vehicle
 - 3-day training program
2. St. John Ambulance-Nalwen area (254-6116) Contact: Kimberly
 - must have taken standard first-aid course
 - they will train in CPR → then can volunteer for specific programs
3. Nalwen Hospital Teen Program (234-4882) Contact: Maud
 - commitment of 3 hrs/wk (minimum) days/nights/weekends
 - areas of work: candy shop, portering, childminding, reading to, feeding, and socializing with patients
 - no restrictions → only your interest is required
4. Nalwen Home for the Deaf (224-4402) Contact: Joe Flynn
 - must be familiar with sign language
 - fill out an application → wait for an interview
5. CNIB (284-8471) Contact: Louise
 - reading English history to students taking summer courses
 - work with Sports and Recreation for the Blind → camping, horseback riding, etc. Short training course begins March 10

Continued

O. Bulletin board advertisements seeking volunteers

BULLETIN BOARD

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED

Nalwen Drop-In Youth Centre

Volunteers needed to organize social and recreational activities.

For more information, call the volunteer co-ordinator at 243-6004, ext. 424

ASSISTANT INSTRUCTORS

Parks and Recreation Services

Volunteers are needed to help with recreational classes for mentally disabled adults. One to three hours per week, evenings or weekends. Training provided.

Call 222-5588

DRIVERS AND LOADERS

Nalwen Food Bank

Do you enjoy physical work or driving? Drivers and loaders are required to pick up food donations or deliver food supplies. Morning and afternoon shifts.

Call Tim at 252-0914

CALLING ALL COACHES

Coaching Conference

Nalwen Parks and Recreation Services will host a conference on April 4 that is open to all persons interested in volunteer coaching any Nalwen Community League sport.

Call Melanie at 259-5190

VOLUNTEER READING

ASSISTANTS OF NALWEN

Volunteer Reading Assistants of Nalwen provides one-to-one tutoring. Students receiving tutorial help are able to progress at their own rate. Training workshops for new volunteer tutors offered Feb. 17-18.

For more information, write:
P.O. Box 707, Nalwen, Alberta
T5J 2R2

ACTORS NEEDED

Nalwen Women's Shelter Program

Are you concerned about people with problems? Do you like to role play? If you answered "Yes" twice, then volunteer for a role in our Family Problems video series.

Call Barb at 229-9297

FUND-RAISING EVENT

Nalwen's Annual Agricultural Fair

Volunteers are needed to set up booths, organize displays, and handle sales. Volunteers are also required to set up and run the games and amusement booths. Monies raised will go toward the Help-Your-Neighbor Fund established to help Nalwen's apartment fire victims.

Call Dan at 236-4103

- V. In order for Robin to apply as a volunteer for the Community Support Program, she is required to submit a composition providing information about her motivation and commitment to the program. Questions 39 to 43 in your Questions Booklet are based on Robin's rough draft that follows.

Paragraph 1

Many people throughout the world and throughout time have accepted the belief that it is by giving that you receive. I am one of those many people. I strongly support the idea that you get what you give. This ^{should specify what} is what has motivated me to commit myself to becoming a volunteer for the Community Support Program.

Paragraph 2

What motivates a person to become a volunteer? This is a question I asked myself. To find the answer, I decided to attend a Community Support Program informational evening. There I saw volunteers in action and I learned a great deal. ^{First,} ~~Volunteers~~ must like people in order to help and support them. ^{Second,} ~~Volunteers~~ must remember that any ^{rewards} ~~payments~~ they receive will not involve money, but appreciation and trust will be freely given by the people they help. ^{Third, and perhaps most important,} ~~Volunteers~~ will learn about themselves and recognize their own strengths, and by knowing themselves better they will be more able to help other^s.

Continued

Paragraph 3

However, if ^{people are} ~~a person is~~ motivated mostly by a desire to ~~want to~~ solve their personal problems, they will most likely receive little. How can they expect others in need to help them?

Paragraph 4

What is expected of volunteers is ^{major} ~~Expectations are~~ another ^{consider} ~~area to think about~~. People seeking help need support, assistance, and ^{willing} ~~a good~~ listener^s; therefore, volunteers are expected to be supportive, caring, and sympathetic. They need to be ^{non} ~~un~~judgmental and uncritical ^{of} ~~to~~ those in distress. They need to offer encouragement and hope, and ^{to show} ~~and~~ respect for the ^{dignity} ~~worth~~ and feelings of others experiencing times of difficulty, confusion, or pain.

Paragraph 5

I was first motivated to ^{become a volunteer} ~~consider volunteering~~ by my cousin who once said to me, ^{"I} ~~the~~ greatest reward I have received has come from being a volunteer. It ^{has} ~~gives~~ me a [tremendous] feeling of ^{of} ~~satisfaction~~ because I had the opportunity to make a difference in someone else's ['] ~~life~~ in a way that matters and is meaningful. ["] ~~Being~~ a volunteer is a commitment of yourself to others -- and I want to experience that [!] ~~!~~

VI. Questions 44 to 50 in your Questions Booklet are based on this poem.

CHASING THE PUCK

Viewing shoot-for-the-corner
slap-shot, drop-pass antics
of Hockey Night in Canada —
Leafs versus Red Wings
5 In Mr. Smythe's¹ well-heated ice-palace,

it's not hard to let the mind wander,
to put skates on twelve-year-old ankles,
to clear ice at Second Marsh and dodge
the tips of the bull-rushes sticking through;

10 to find one five-below morning
(spent under echo-bouncing curve
of Old Mill Bridge) my right foot
well-frozen, and taking me
five minutes' agony with snow
15 rubbed almost through the skin
to bring it redly back . . .

To come to that afternoon
my shot caught their goalie on the eye,
and the game ruined, him turning
20 away from me after that . . .

But now Gordie Howe²
side-steps, fakes, and moves in,
and I'm right there behind him
poised for the shot, the net-bulge, the electric roar!

Raymond Souster,
Contemporary Canadian writer

¹Mr. Smythe — Conn Smythe, managing director of the Toronto Maple Leafs in the late 1920s

²Gordie Howe — famous Canadian hockey player of the 1960s and 1970s

VII. Questions 51 to 59 in your Questions Booklet are based on these excerpts from the film script *Friends and Relations*.

from FRIENDS AND RELATIONS

After the death of DR. LAWSON BIRD, his widow, RUTH, was hired by SAMPSON WILLEY in his real estate office as a realtor-in-training. During her six months of employment, she has not closed a sale; yet she has done all the preliminary work for house sales such as the one to BEN and NAOMI SOLOMONS.

DAYTIME — THE WILLEY REALTY OFFICE

- MRS. BIRD:** . . . my first customers that looked anywhere ready to buy and you stole them away from me . . . and I've had others not so far along that you took over. I didn't mind at first because I thought you were trying to help me close the deal. But you've never once put my name on the offer. Am I just in the office to find prospects for you? I have to clothe myself, Mr. Willey, please remember that, and run my car and pay for my advertisements. I haven't cost you a cent, and you've made plenty of money from my getting out and digging. I want you to share the commission on the Solomons sale with me.
- 10 **WILLEY:** You want to know something, Ruth? Ben and Naomi were fed up with being shown house after house. They were ready to deal but you had them all confused. They'd seen a dozen houses and according to you every one was the best buy in Stoverville.
- 15 **MRS. BIRD:** When I'm showing a house I try to feel it's the best property in town. You told me to do that yourself.
- WILLEY:** I know I did, but you haven't got the feel of it yet. You have to make it like a story, like a little play. You have to sense how close the prospect is to a commitment. I've seen you waste two or three days on prospects I knew weren't serious.
- 20 **MRS. BIRD:** But the Solomons were serious and I knew it.
- WILLEY:** You were losing them. You were letting them off the hook.
- MRS. BIRD:** No, I was trying to be —
- WILLEY:** Don't interrupt me, let me finish, or you'll never be worth anything in real estate. Every sale has its own rhythm and its own pace and story.
- 25 You have to know exactly when to move in. You've got to sock it to them and make them like it. If you lose the rhythm, you'll lose your confidence and you'll never make the sale.
- MRS. BIRD:** The fact remains that you stole my client.
- WILLEY:** You were *losing* them. In a week they'd have gone to somebody else.
- 30 I was a pal of Lawson's, sure, but in this office I'm doing business, and I won't let you cost me a chance to do business.
- MRS. BIRD:** That's heartless. It's mean.
- WILLEY:** Ruth, grow up! This isn't your nice big old home on Charleston Road. This is the world!
- 35 (*Tight CLOSE-UP of MRS. BIRD.*)
- MRS. BIRD:** It's hard. It's hard.
- WILLEY:** Life is hard. Next time I see you backing off on a sale, I'll grab it

Continued

just the same.

MRS. BIRD: I could take you before the Real Estate Board.

40 **WILLEY:** They'll tell you exactly what I've just told you. Be careful not to make yourself into a joke.

MRS. BIRD: Right. Right! As long as I'm working out of this office, I'll keep my clients out of your way, and if I get a chance to steal any of yours, I'll do it.

45 **WILLEY** (*Big grin on his face*): You're welcome to try but you haven't got a chance. And if you think I'm crooked, wait till you run up against the other guys in town. They'll skin you alive.

MRS. BIRD: Not after this they won't.

(FADE OUT)

Several months later: MRS. BIRD has joined the modern real estate firm of Langbourne Associates. She is discussing a business transaction with a client, MR. ANDRAS SZEKELY.

NIGHTTIME — THE LANGBOURNE OFFICE

50 **MRS. BIRD:** Put your signature there, and there, Andras, and I'll get it into the Seymour office first thing tomorrow. You'll make money on this purchase.

SZEKELY: I know.

MRS. BIRD: You don't leave much to chance.

55 **SZEKELY:** Chance is a luxury I cannot afford. Long before I tried to get out of Hungary I had funds to my credit in Switzerland. It wasn't easy to transfer the money. I try not to leave anything to chance.

MRS. BIRD: You must have seen some very sad things.

60 **SZEKELY:** I have . . . children starving . . . men shot for no reason . . . I won't go on with it, but, you see, I like a little security. Property in my name. Friends who can count on me. I've done well since I came to Canada. I've got tenants ready to fill these houses. (*He indicates the papers he is in the process of signing.*) I'll make money while I'm paying for them, and I'll amass more capital for investment. You have to care for yourself in this world; nobody will do it for you.

65 **MRS. BIRD:** My husband took pretty good care of me.

SZEKELY: I've heard he left you only a small inheritance.

MRS. BIRD: It wasn't enough to live on, but it was money. I've been able to add to it. Now it's a respectable sum. I might do something with it in mortgages.

70 **SZEKELY:** You mean you've got between twenty and twenty-five thousand.

MRS. BIRD: A very good guess.

SZEKELY: I don't guess, Mrs. Bird.

MRS. BIRD: No, I suppose not.

75 **SZEKELY:** Twenty thousand dollars . . . or a bit more . . . is not a big sum, but it isn't negligible. There are things one could do with it, maybe by adding it in with other holdings. I'm not a great capitalist myself.

MRS. BIRD: How much have you to spare?

SZEKELY: Ah, that would be telling . . . but you are welcome to guess.

MRS. BIRD: Free at this moment, and ready to put into new properties? I'd say

Continued

- 80 around thirty-five thousand or a shade more.
(*They both laugh; they enjoy each other's company.*)
- SZEKELY:** That's why I like doing business with you, Ruth. You don't waste time over inessentials. So . . . what about it?
- MRS. BIRD:** What about what?
- 85 **SZEKELY:** Should we go in together? We can do much more with sixty thousand than we could separately. You want to sell me that enormous house of your cousin Stanley, correct?
- MRS. BIRD:** I think we could do something with the property that Stanley hasn't the initiative to see. It's a perfect location.
- 90 **SZEKELY:** For a riverfront hotel, perhaps?
- MRS. BIRD:** And a marina, that's an essential.
- SZEKELY:** It would require more capital than I can manage at present. Why not come in with me . . . as a permanent arrangement?
- MRS. BIRD:** What sort of arrangement?
- 95 **SZEKELY:** The usual one. A marriage contract. Your property would be completely safeguarded.
- MRS. BIRD:** You mean you'd like us to get married?
- SZEKELY:** It's the best way to manage this affair.
- MRS. BIRD:** That's very sensible of you, Andras, and very kind.
- 100 **SZEKELY:** Kindness has very little to do with it.
- MRS. BIRD:** I think it has. I'll tell you something, Andras, that I wouldn't say to anyone else. Lawson was a very selfish man. Yes, he was. An extremely selfish man. Everybody thought he was a darling, but he had all the life and I had none. I stayed home and listened to the neighbours and all our friends
- 105 and relations singing his praises . . . my own family was off at the other end of Ontario and in time they died and I had no family but his . . . and to them I was always an outsider. . . . (*She takes a bit of a pause here. Camera comes in for CLOSE-UP on her bare, un-makeup middle-aged face. We want utter simplicity here!*) But I'll tell you something strange, Andras.
- 110 Lawson was selfish and inconsiderate and foolish and improvident, but I loved him. I can't explain that. I just did. (*There should be the feeling of great loneliness and loss in her face here.*) In many ways he was an impossible man; sometimes he didn't seem to know I was a living person . . . he never talked to me very much. But he wasn't deliberately unkind. He just went
- 115 ahead and did what he thought was right. He was not a great doctor, but his patients had confidence in him and they mostly got well. They took their life from him, and when they called for him, he always came . . . and then he was such a kind father. I don't know how it is. A lot of girls and women these days aren't interested in being married; they're afraid of just that kind
- 120 of servitude. Perhaps rightly. I can't say. When you've been married, the way I was married, it marks you, and you can't do it a second time. I couldn't ever feel married to anybody else, even on a business basis.
- SZEKELY:** Very well, if that's how you feel, perhaps we can work out something else almost as suitable.
- 125 **MRS. BIRD:** You're not too upset?
- SZEKELY** (*Smiles*): I'm past fifty, Ruth. I've been disappointed before.
(FADE OUT)

Hugh Hood,
Contemporary Canadian writer

VIII. Questions 60 to 70 in your Questions Booklet are based on this essay.

FAR HORIZONS AND NOBLE VISIONS SEEN SO CLEARLY
ON A TRAGIC DAY

from *The Edmonton Journal*, January 30, 1986

It's a bright, sunny day here in Texas. Not a cloud in the sky. I step outside to relish the perfect weather. "They'll be having an exciting time in Cape Canaveral," I tell myself.

5 My phone rings. I hurry inside. My secretary, calling from my office, says with obvious excitement: "Have you been watching television?"

"I've been working."

"The space shuttle just blew up in Florida."

Long pause. "On the launch pad?"

"Offshore. One minute into flight."

10 Gasp. Then: "Oh, my God! Judith Resnik!"

Running to the television, I view the recaps with special horror as our 25th shuttle launch ends in great tragedy. Because of recent experiences, I felt myself to be part of that doomed crew, a participant in the disaster and, in an oblique way, part of the cause.

15 In the closing days of my service with the National Aeronautics and Space Administration I had been appointed to a small committee which had been given the job of trying to determine whether it would be prudent to invite an ordinary civilian to ride as a passenger aboard the shuttle in one of its future flights. The person would be chosen on the basis of his or her capacity to understand what was happening and to report upon it to the nation at large upon return.

20 I had been an ardent advocate of such civilian flight, and in our protracted debate I continued to support the idea, although others warned of the risks if something like today's accident were to happen. We considered all angles, weighing the possible triumphs against the equally possible defeats and concluded that it was a reasonable risk. When Sen. Jake Garn (R-Utah) and Rep. William Nelson (D-Fla.) soared aloft without incident and returned the same way, I applauded, even though I would personally have preferred to see figures who were less political take the first flights.

30 This morning, with the horror of what the spokesman is calling "obviously a major malfunction" deluging the television, I am of the same opinions I voiced in the committee. Our nation should be in space and we should be taking qualified civilians into the great adventure. We should be accumulating the hard-won knowledge and expertise that will allow us to erect in space permanent study stations from which we can conduct the unforeseen adventures of the next century. I remain as vigorous an advocate of experimentation in space today as I was before this tragedy.

35 Space is the premier adventure of our age and to restrict it to military and quasi¹-military personnel would be improper. Poets, philosophers, writers, musicians

Continued

¹quasi — to some degree, partly

and graphic artists should also share in the great exploration. I often reminded my listeners that the far-flung explorations of Vasco da Gama attained real significance and immortality because he had had the prudence to take along with him the Portuguese poet Luis Vaz de Camoens, whose *Os Lusíadas* encapsulated the adventure of finding new worlds.

I also argued that since the cost of space exploration was so great it could be borne only by some vast national effort, it ought to provide opportunities for those who were paying the bill.

Finally, I reasoned that since the exploration and utilization of space could not be stopped, and since the United States fell back, as other nations were prepared to surge forward, we had an obligation to proceed: "We have opened the portals to a magnificent universe and we can never again close them."

Now Christa McAuliffe, a true civilian, a dedicated schoolteacher and mother, has perished, along with the rest of the dedicated crew, and I cannot escape a sense of guilt.

But during this long afternoon I think of other notable explorers who died in an attempt to extend human knowledge. In 1519, Ferdinand Magellan strove to be the first man to circumnavigate the globe but failed, slain in the Philippines, thousands of miles short of his goal. In 1845, Sir John Franklin probed the Arctic wastes, hoping to find the fabled Northwest Passage; instead, he found death for his entire crew, but the hunt for the passage continued.

In 1912, Robert Falcon Scott tried to conquer the Antarctic and perished with all his men, but some years later Admiral Richard Byrd made it with the aid of airplanes.

And this morning I think especially of those three young astronauts, Virgil Grissom, Ed White and Roger Chaffee, who, 19 years ago almost to the day, died in flames at Cape Kennedy. I salute them, also remembering that two years after their deaths, three other young men just like them reached the moon, and two walked upon it.

The human mind is restless. No matter how great the challenge, gallant men and women will step forward to tackle it.

The noble highway of exploration is pock-marked with craters indicating where some have met disaster, but it is also emblazoned with the banners of those who triumphed. People rarely achieve victories until others have suffered the defeats. And only rarely does one person's defeat deter another from striving for victory.

I see far horizons on this tragic day, noble ones that will be reached only when I am gone.

I also have always been an advocate for exploring space with unmanned vehicles. In the past few days an unmanned flight reached Uranus, an incredible three billion kilometres away, and sent back knowledge of inestimable value in enlarging our views as to the origins of the solar system and therefore of earth itself. Today a manned mission failed catastrophically. But on some day in the future the roles may be reversed. Progress is attained through this alternation of success and failure.

I am forlorn as the afternoon wanes because a friend of mine died in the failure. Judith Resnik and I worked together during a week-long seminar at Woods Hole trying to guess what the universe of space was going to be like in the year 2020, and she proved to be a dark-haired, winsome young woman with a will of

Continued

iron. She ended almost every discussion with a stern demand: “Get me into space before I’m an old woman.”

90 Later, when I encountered her in the halls at NASA in Houston her complaint was invariable: “They are moving so slow! I want to get out there,” and one day she exalted: “I’m going!” Judith Resnik could serve as the symbol of why men and women dare great things.

95 My final service for NASA occurred last week. They sent me a questionnaire asking for my opinion of a newsman who was applying for passage on the next flight. They asked if I thought he was responsible, likely to behave well under pressure, and able to communicate his experiences when he returned to earth. I wrote: “This man is doubly qualified. He’s not only a born adventurer. He already knows space and how to talk about it. Grab him for the next go-round.” I was speaking of my friend Walter Cronkite,² and I feel pretty sure that if he’s selected, he’ll go.

James A. Michener,
Contemporary American writer and reporter

²Walter Cronkite — well-known American broadcaster

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